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Voices of Peace

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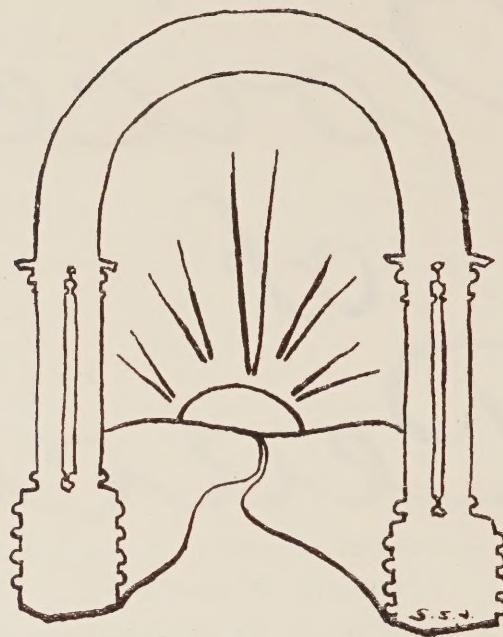
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On Leaving Peace: *Class Poem*

Peace, your placid portals
 Stand staunch throughout the years,
 Whose symbols now immortal
 Uphold life's purpose clear.

Your ivy-covered columns
 In twilight's purple glow
 Unveil in crystal volumes
 Sweet thoughts which memories stow.

Your gates of wisdom open
 With golden keys of truth:
 Life's most treasured token,
 The cherished aim of youth.

Your ancient oaks sway gently
 Beneath blue southern skies;
 The old years echo faintly
 Where rich tradition lies.

Through shadows of our parting,
 The glorious days spent here
 Inspire us, still enheartening
 Strong courage, noblest fear.

Her First Football Game, *or* How To Lose Your Man

"Oh, Morris, it was so very, very sweet of you to get us a seat on the fifty-yard dash," the girl in the green suit gushed as the two plowed their way through the football throng. Morris pressed his lips in a thin line either in patience at her error or in defense against the insistent swish of the red feather in her cap. He said nothing to her until he had pushed her, as gallantly as one can literally push, into the seat. They were just in time. The two brightly clad teams ran onto the field like perfect vitamin specimens.

"Morris, aren't the ones in the blue suits adorable?"

"Uniforms," he corrected.

"Well, uniforms or suits—it doesn't matter. All of them are too tight in the shoulders."

"The game is about to begin. Now to explain the fundamental facts to you—"

"Darling, why does that blue man have the ball?"

"Well—"

"Oh! Look! Gee, what a relief—he kicked the ball instead. I was beginning to think they had no team spirit. Now one in the orange suit is running with it! Why do the orange players tackle the blue ones? They don't have balls. One, two, three, four, five! Oh, Morris, how could they? He'll be smothered!"

By this time Morris was the color of the newest shade of nail polish.

"Please, Sally, be quiet," he pleaded.

"Lookie! Now some of them are marching sideways. Tee hee, the one in front threw the ball through his legs. The things men do to attract attention. I guess that's what is known as grand-stand playing, isn't it?"

"Sally, how do you expect me to explain the game to you if you're going to talk nonsense?"

"How disgusting. But, definitely, that man whistled."

"The whistle hasn't blown yet."

"Silly, that man down there, the one without any hair, whistled to that blonde and said, 'Pardon me, but you look just like Adele.' "

"Do you want me to explain football or the facts of life?"

"The facts—it's beginning to rain. My feather will be absolutely ruined! Let's go!"

"It's only a few drops and will stop in a few minutes."

"You just don't love me," she wailed. "Indeed, you'd have me catch pneumonia sitting out here in a pouring storm."

"But it's only—"

"Well, I'm going, and if you don't take me, I'll never speak to you again."

As they walked out, she said, "You can bring me next time and explain all about football, can't you, darling?"

He didn't say a word.

Triumph

The sun was hot on His head, and a cloud
 Of dust arose from the feet of the colt
 That, young and trembling, was yearning to bolt
 Back to its gray dam, away from the crowd
 That pressed it too close. He laid tender hands
 On the rough sweating neck. As near Him men
 Adoring in blind, fierce delight again
 Spread palms and red cloaks in the tossed white sands,
 A wind from the Mount stirred His thick brown hair,
 Spring wind, warm and sweet, but chilled at its core—
 That wind was like this, this shout in the air
 When cities are moved and creeds crash apart
 And Golgotha stands in the dark darkening—
 “Hosanna!” they cried. “Hosanna! The King!”

SARAH NEWLAND, '41

I Sit in My Window at Night

The other trees are whispers in the dark,
 But you, my tree, an oboe
 Sobbing deep against a hushed orchestral moan.

Caught there in light from streetlamps
 You alone are watchful, sleepless,
 Of all trees that in this night are mist.

You are a message from an India
 I have not known and shall not see.
 I cannot understand you.

You are a tree of pewter
 Hammered out against a blue-black sky.
 You are a great tree in a Persian rug
 Before which Moslems kneel
 And murmur at the miracle,—a tree.

You are a tree in pallid forest,
 Swaying on the sea's cool floor.
 My thoughts are crimson fish
 That, swimming slowly through your ghostly arms,
 Must touch each leaf with question and delight.

You are a tree growing outside my room,
 Made strange this hour by a streetlight's gift;
 But in my heart you are a tower built,
 A tall pale silver tower holding dreams.

SARAH NEWLAND, '41



The Bares of Big Ridge

(Reminiscences of a Mountain Mission Bible School worker)

“ ‘You are my sunshine, my-yonly sunshine;
You make me happy-e-ee’ . . .

“Say, where’s Lynn? He’s always somewher’ else when I go to do the milkin’!

“ ‘You’ll never know, deear-r-r, how much
I love you’ ” . . .

And Val leaves the house, slamming the door “to” and raising his voice in song as he crosses the road, swinging high a pail in either hand. He is a big, gangling boy of sixteen. His gait is free and easy, and he flings back his head as he walks as though expecting his song to reach the top of the hill he is approaching and drop down on the other side to Josephine, to whom it is addressed.

Josephine, considered by most to be the prettiest, sweetest girl on Big Ridge, has long wavy black hair that curls delightfully on the ends, and velvety eyes whose brownness is exquisitely soft and deep. There is a glow in her cheeks provoked by mountain breezes, and she is ever so slightly shy, as though afraid to admit that she really likes a stranger.

Val Sheets is only a sort of summer visitor; his home is a mining town in West Virginia. Passing through in the early part of June, he dropped in to chat with Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Bare, his uncle and aunt, and here he is in the heat of July’s later days, no longer a strange

nephew, but practically a son by virtue of this "Southern hospitality." He is partner to Lynn Bare in all their activities. Lynn is Alonzo's only son still living at home, a slight boy of seventeen, whose fingers seem built for the strings of his fiddle and who whistles incessantly and melodiously.

Alonzo Bare is a man about fifty, whose head is bald, but whose short grizzled beard indicates that his locks were blond and would be graying, if present. Jolly, carefree, he is in confident possession of a dancing eye and a hearty, carefree laugh. He presents an almost complete picture of comfort in his blue overalls and heavy leather jacket, hands in pockets, chair propped against the wall, heavy-shod feet crossed on the hand-built table in the middle of his small living-room or keeping time on the floor to a merry tune he yodels.

Mrs. Bare is sun-browned, short and plump, and her chubby fingers are often engaged in brushing back stray strands of her iron-gray hair. Her gray eyes sparkle beneath thick eyebrows, and her lively tongue chatters away with the slightest encouragement. Occasionally she pauses to say, "Ain't I jist the talkinest white woman you ever did see?" . . . And then she goes right on, questioning and declaring and exclaiming.

These Bares and their neighbors along Bare Creek on Big Ridge live close to the soil and close to the roots of life. There is a genuineness in their domestic life and their social life and their church life that brings a city-dweller to a deeper understanding of real things unencrusted with the sham of civilization. Their language is an indicator of their mode of living—easy-going, simple, unadorned. When the mission car stops to offer a ride to a mountain fellow, he replies almost invariably, "Don't care if I do," and climbs in; or, in case he is enjoying his walk, he mumbles, "Jist goin' down the road a-piece." These are classic—and final; there is no swaying him, once he has committed himself.

Mountain people must have noticed that a stream runs on sometimes smoothly and again over rough places, in and out, but seldom makes very much noise. And they pattern their course after the mountain stream—and it's lovely to be among them.

MARJORIE PATTERSON, '41

From "Courtin'" to "Swancing"

Does slang change? Indeed it does! And, I might add, it does so more often than the style of clothes. There always seems to be some imaginative mind at work creating unique phrases to express one's actions, moods, and ideals. Just think of some of the ways people refer to boys and girls going together.

In the "good old days" Daddy would say he was going "courtin'." Before long some referred to "daters" as "spooners." Most people think it is fun to use these expressions. Instead of just saying, "I am going to see my girl friend tonight," a boy might say he was going "sparking," or "gallivanting," or "parking," or "pitching woo," or "canding." These expressions bring us down to fairly recent times. Of course, all of these words are still very much used, but young people of today have added several terms of their own. Some will say, "Boy, that was really a huddle we just passed." Most mothers raise their brows in amazement at the amount of slang expressions that their sons and daughters use. Their eyes fairly pop out when their daughters say, "Oh, we just went 'Scooter-pooping' last night. You know what I mean. We went 'swancing.'" One cannot blame the oldsters for wondering, "What will this young generation think of next?"

MARTHA JEAN BLAYNEY, '42



Dreams

As time wings its way into eternity and night draws nigh, a calm spreads over the water and on my right a red ball of fire is seen slowly disappearing from the horizon. This is the time of day I like to wander alone, beside the sea. The sand is cool between my toes and when I step near the water's edge the waves gently lap over them. A breeze comes up and blows away the stifling heat of the day. As I walk along my fancy flies. All the romance of days long past becomes real to me as I look over the sea.

If the sea happens to be rough, I dream of pirates bold—Captain Kidd and his crew sailing toward some remote island to bury their stolen loot. The pell-mell of the waves flopping against the pier recalls to me Long John Silver. I see him pounding the deck and giving orders as he takes over some wealthy trading vessel.

Usually, however, the ocean is calm, as tonight, and I vividly see some Viking ship of long ago, skimming from the shadows of some jagged shore. The captain, tall and winsome, is pacing the deck with his wind-blown hair gleaming like gold in the fading sunlight.

As the sun's rays dip softly beyond the horizon my gaze is directed to a green, then red, speck dancing on the waves. Surely it is the ship of a lover returning to his castled maiden; for miles down the shore line the soft blinking lights of a medieval castle stare out at me through the darkness. My vision is blurred, yet I readily make out the numerous shapes, the high towers with their drawbridges, and the turrets with their sentinels. I fancy that there is his maiden, fair and faithful, gazing from one of the tower windows at the star-dotted sky and praying for the safety of her distant lover.

Suddenly I am rudely jarred from behind as a pair of strong hands are laid on my shoulders. My bubble has burst. I find Jim beside me ready for our homeward journey. As we trudge along the boardwalk I tell him of my dreams. Now I realize that my Viking ship is

but a sailboat homeward bound, my green and red lights at sea belong merely to buoys, and my medieval castle is nothing more than a hotel far down the beach. Even so, the ocean has not lost its lure. Tomorrow I shall again be found wandering at the water's edge, gazing seaward and dreaming of the stories of long ago.

BETTY JEAN STAHL, '41

Mnemonic Nonsense

'Twas during a Midsummer-Night's Dream that the Merchant of Venice was engaged in Taming the Shrew. The Shrew, however, was in the guise of one of the Merry Wives of Windsor; so it was really Much Ado About Nothing. Therefore, you may take the entire affair As You Like It, but remember it was The Twelfth Night.

ELIZABETH JONES

Country Song

Song of my heart is singing,
Song of the long ago,
Call of the whippoorwill calling
Me back to the hills I know.

Over lush meadows I wander
Filled with the fragrance of spring:
Scenes that make fond hearts grow fonder;
Sweet are the thoughts that they bring.

Fresh is the fragrance of heather
Borne on the gentle breeze;
Amethyst lilacs I gather,
Soothed by the odor released.

Soft is the song of the linnet
From over the pine-crested hills;
Here in the rose-gold of sunset
Restless the heart that it stills.

Home to the home of my childhood,
Home of my memories dear;
Surcease from the sorrows of manhood—
Here face the world without fear.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, '41

My Careers

As I remember, my first ambition was to be a mother with twenty-one children. This desire sprang from a deep, childish love of mothering about twenty dolls, and I think I decided on the number twenty-one because I had twenty christened children already, and one lovely name left over. It didn't seem to matter that the first four daughters were all named *Anita!* After I reached the age of eight, I must have had a definite lapse of ambition, for from then until I was ten, I just drifted aimlessly (though I dare say my life work won't suffer much from that negligible period).

At ten, eleven, and thirteen, I was going to be a great dancer. I had visions of myself floating across a magnificent stage in a frilly pink ballet skirt, and smiling benevolently and granting thousands of autographs. At this time, all of us "awkward-age" girls were attending dancing school, and though the nearest I ever came to being a ballerina was a solo in our annual revue, this career is still one I love to toy with—smilingly, of course!

When I was twelve I was in the usual near'-teen stage of being a missionary. I chose Africa to bless with my inspiring teaching, and my narrow escapes from howling savages were really thrilling. At the time, however, I was sincere in my desire to teach the beautiful stories of the child's Bible to all the ignorant little black boys.

My fourteenth year also saw a desire to serve humanity. I was Florence Nightingale in a starched cap and uniform, and all my patients thought I was a shining "lamp." I even became head floor nurse of a great charity hospital, and my crisp orders were obeyed explicitly.

The next year I was imbued with a love of the drama, and New York and London gave me countless curtain-calls. I was Katharine Cornell, Lynne Fontaine, Katharine Hepburn! (I still cherish this ambition, too; it's budding again in dramatics class and Little Theatre.)

So go my ambitions, as I suppose many of yours do too. This year, at the wise age of sixteen, I'm going to become a great poet and essayist. Really I am. That's why I'm writing this theme!

FRAN RAINNEY, '42

A Mother's Prayer

The humming-birds are on the flowers
Sipping sweet nectar there;
My humming-bird is far away,
Sipping of nectar I know not where.

God watch my little humming-bird,
And make her nectar sweet;
God guide my dearest humming-bird
That we again may meet.

FLORENCE CRANE,
Senior Preparatory

Drink It from a Golden Cup

Last night I saw a fairy dressed all in shining green;
 She danced in through my window on a yellow moonbeam;
 Then standing on her tiptoes and shaking back her hair,
 She solemnly drew forth a scroll and read inscribed there:

“A red rose petal, a lily white,
 A bluebell filled with dew,
 A cherry blossom, fair and light,
 A nectar drop or two;
 Add just a dash of stardust
 To complete this magic brew;
 Then drink it from a golden cup. —
 Your wishes will come true.”

With this the fairy curtsied low,
 And pirouetting turned to go.
 I rubbed my eyes; I could not see;
 A strange bright light had blinded me.
 I looked again, but all was still. —
 The moon shone on my window sill.

MYRA JONES, '41

Sad But True

As the last bags and trunks were carried from the typical college room by Lester and Sam, Mary College looked mournfully around at the places where tacks once had been, where college pennants had been draped casually, and where innumerable joys and sorrows had been experienced. She turned impulsively at the door, gave one last glance at “home,” said quickly, “Good-by, room,” and ran weeping down the hall amid the shouted “Good-bys” of her schoolmates. These had been happy years during which Mary had loved her school and been loved in return.

She trailed her hand on the familiar banister of the old stairway; and, on the second floor, avoiding with her eyes the living-room and the now silent pick-up, turned into the office of the Dean where as usual Henry presided over the sign-out book. As Mary scribbled the time of her departure it suddenly occurred to her that this book would never have written therein the time of her return. She gave one last look at Henry, but meeting with no response gave a last admonition to “stay put” and hurried from the room. In the lower hall she was surrounded by friends, many of whom choked a sob on seeing the “pride of Peace” leaving. Pearl broke up the group with her announcement that the Strop taxi was outside; so Mary went quickly out, leaving behind a silent group.

The chubby taxi driver smiled knowingly to himself as he helped his passenger into the familiar Ford, for he had seen hundreds of girls leave these friendly portals for the last time. Perhaps he was thinking, "I wonder what this one will do with herself." For an hour or more clouds had been gathering slowly, and when the first drop fell on the pane of glass before him he turned to the girl and remarked simply, "Rain." Mary smiled, realized suddenly the meaning of his comment as she looked at her spring suit, and then answered mournfully, "Oh, for my raincoat and galoshes." Habit is very strong, and especially after two years of emphatic reminders. "Too bad they're in the bottom of my trunk," she thought. "Tough luck, but such is fate!"

As the taxi turned into the bus station on two wheels, Mary realized that this might be her last bus ride from Peace; for the bus seemed to link her closely with her home and to break former ties. Strange—this was to be so much like other bus rides, and yet so different. She thought, "I wonder why I feel this way? I feel as though I were leaving behind my most important and happy years—the years fullest and dearest to me. Silly, isn't it?"

The taxi driver helped his unhappy little passenger into the bus station through the pouring rain, wondering how so many raindrops managed to land on her cheeks. As Mary paid the friendly little man and thanked him, she said, "Good-by, symbol of Peace." She climbed slowly into the bus as she heard a fellow driver call, "Hurry, Tom, another call to Peace."

TECK REINS, '42

To the Seniors

To those seniors who were here to
welcome us on our
arrival at Peace,

To those seniors who helped us adapt our-
selves to our new surroundings
and make Peace our home,

To those seniors who encouraged us in our
scholastic efforts and also urged
us to engage in extra-curricular activities,

To those seniors who have inspired us to
carry on for the glory of
Peace,

To those seniors . . . we reluctantly
bid . . . farewell.

KAY BISCEGLIA, '42

VOICES of PEACE

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EDITORIAL

Shall We Stop Here?

Well—we'll be graduating in a few days now. We, the graduating class of 1941—it sounds rather awe-inspiring, doesn't it? As if we had fought a good fight, and won. It was a fight; those struggles with term papers, Spanish idioms, and brief forms were no mere child's play. And it was a good fight; no victor was ever more triumphant over his spoils than the Class of '41 will be when Dr. Pressly hands us the ribbon-tied, tangible evidence of our achievement.

We have fought our fight, but shall we let it rest at that? Read it again—"We have fought our fight." There seems such a definite finality about it, as if we had staked arms and ceased to advance, while, in truth, we have won only a single engagement in the Battle of Life. Our weapons—intellect, industry, ambition, personality—one could go on endlessly—are clean and shining from use. We have proved to ourselves and others that we have them and know how to use them. Now is the time to test ourselves.

In the Army, when a private proves his worth, he is promoted to the rank of corporal, and if he is successful there, he rises still higher. However, when he stops to rest on his former laurels, he ceases to advance. His life must be a constant struggle to achieve and succeed. Our lives are like that, too. As long as we do our best with the opportunities we have, we become better and more successful persons; but if we decide that we know enough or have done enough, then we are on a plateau and, in modern slang, getting nowhere fast. Do you remember when we read Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior" away back there in the winter term? And how the Warrior was never satisfied with his attainments but always strove to make them greater? That is the way I like to think of the Peace graduate of '41, as one

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast."

A. M. M.

EXCHANGES

Peace has always been interested in *Pieces O'Eight*, the magazine published by the students of East Carolina Teachers' College. The latest number contained two excellent short stories: "Optimism Goes to College" by Mildred Beverly and "A Yankee Wins Again" by Sarah Evans. These short stories were winners of the contest sponsored by *Pieces O'Eight*.

On the "Poet's Pages" we find this, entitled "The Letter That Wasn't There," by Juliette Hickman:

"The postal office was jammed today.
I saw within my box a letter,
I pushed and shoved my hasty way,
Though Mother'd taught me to act much better.
'But where's the fire? I heard no alarm!'
Hurt voices cried, but I at work
Put all my strength in strong right arm,
Gave stubborn box a mighty jerk . . .
Alas! to creatures whose happy fates
Are trucking letters to famed box mates."

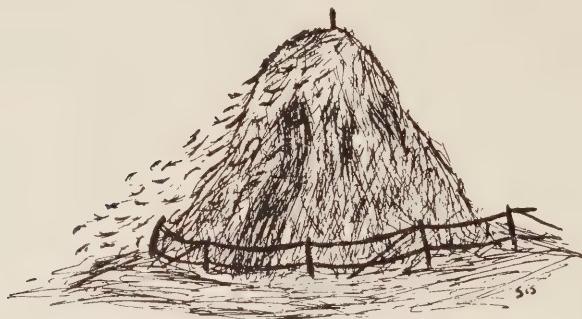
From the *High-Po*, published by the students of High Point College, we get the following:

"Blotter: Something you look for while the ink dries.

"A few people get up bright and early, but most of us just get up early.

"Next time you are bored, buy a can of crushed pineapple and try to fit the pieces together."

STRAWS IN THE WIND



Hither and Thither

Greetings to our public (both of you), and do you like the new name of this department? By the way, Nancy Teague was the originator of the Reform Bill, not our miserable selves, we regret to admit.

We persist in thinking North Carolina has funny signs. The trip from Raleigh to Asheville is a harrowing experience. Last December we were riding comfortably along in a spineless sort of way when we were jerked upright by a big sign indicating the presence of "Hickory, Best-Balanced Town." The possibility of the bus's stopping at some place not in the exact center of town and thus tipping the delicately balanced metropolis haunted us until we were safely out of the city limits.

Speaking of child marriages, what has India got on the United States? Witness the unostentatious announcement in the *Charlotte Observer* of the death of one Isaac aged 8, who is survived by his wife and three children, and the children all married.

It seems that the proverbial absent-minded professor is not lacking on our campus. Lea Brown, some time ago, received a slight shock when she saw Miss P..... L..... Jones, on a day of exceptional brightness, solemnly trudging up the walk under a large black umbrella. When asked why by Lea, with some hesitancy, Miss Jones replied austereley that she didn't relish having clouds of gnats flying into her face as she passed the shrubbery.

Just to scotch any notion that Peace seniors have always been quiet and dignified (silence, please!), we hereby publish for the first time a gem of poesy turned out by Sarah Prevatte in the fourth grade. We especially recommend the second stanza for its arresting thought.

If my history book tells the truth
De Leon searched for the fountain of youth.

Sometimes I wonder who paid the fare
When Washington crossed the Delaware.

Where, oh where was Robert E. Lee
When Willie Sherman marched to the sea?

And look what old Columbus found
When he proved that the earth was round!

Good-by, and it was fun knowing you!

Toni

Reform Bill (*Concluded*)

Lesson Three: Exercise. I hope everyone isn't like my suitemate. She walks a couple of blocks to the drugstore for a gooey double ice-cream soda and calls that exercise! I give up on her. Really, this lesson should be so much fun that we all should shine. Do you know that those bikes which sit forlornly in the gym are really for our use? And how about the tennis courts? "Beat me, Daddy, eight to the ball!" What about walking? That is mighty fine, mighty fine! My only regret is that I didn't find that out sooner than I did. Maybe I should be *sans* this large waistline (?) I'm sporting these days.

Now Lesson Four: Dinner. This is coming to you through the courtesy of our esteemed dean. Consequently, I imagine everyone must be pretty well acquainted with the negative side of this lesson. Positively negative are sweaters and saddle shoes. However, if you sport velvet, you'll find the dean just smiling and smiling and *not* being a villain. You really will feel like a new person after a shower and a change of clothes before dinner, so let's try and make it a habit, huh?

Well, kiddies, here comes your Last Lesson: Night Study. (Who said thank goodness?) Let us hope at this point we are all well-fed bodies and are getting ready to study, an optimistic view, that! How do we study? Stretched out on the bed with little or no light to read by? I thought so! If you want to see a change in your grades, try sitting at the desk with a good light and studying all three hours. Brang! At last—skipping period. I never did see how they got the name "skipping." I'm usually dragging at this point. What happens now? Do you run down to the little store and stuff your faces on candy and cakes? If so, don't say I didn't warn you of the ghastly nightmares that follow. Praise be, financial difficulties keep me from being tempted. Warning bell has rung; so guess I'd better struggle on to my little nest. Don't you all forget to scrub your angel faces and brush your pearly teeth. Me, I'm too tired.

Well, good-night, sleep tight, and don't neglect our reform bill, all you would-be dreams.

N. T.

Spring Dilemma

A sleepy daze steals over me;
I sink into an apathy.
The printed page has lost appeal,
And history texts seem too unreal
To bother with.

My mind goes sailing on a cloud
While teachers all condemn out loud.
I wonder what is wrong with me—
Could I be ill or could it be
Just spring?

FRAN RAINES, '42

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Brantley's	Rosenthal's
Coxe-Ferguson	
Eckerd's	Sporting Goods
Person Street Pharmacy	Lewis
Walgreen's	
Eating Places	Sunday Schools
California Fruit Store	Edenton Street Methodist
Person Street Sandwich Shop	First Presbyterian
Electrical Service	Theatres
Carolina Power & Light Company	Ambassador
Florists	Capitol
Fallon's	Palace
Furniture	State
Tucker Furniture	
Grocery Stores	Transportation
Halifax Street Grocery	Carolina Coach
Piggly-Wiggly	Strop Taxi
	Wholesale Dealers
	Barbour Produce
	T. H. Briggs & Sons
	Brogden Produce
	Garland Norris
	Dillon Supply Company
	W. H. King Drug Company
	Lance Packing Company
	George Marsh
	Southern School Supply
	Job P. Wyatt & Sons

